

The Heiress from England

(A TALE OF COLONIAL DAYS)
By ETIA W. MIERCE

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"Captain Pakenham," said his excellency, the governor turning toward the hearth where a figure stood like some superb young Mars, "you are late, sir; what do you mean by such delay? I was obliged to send a servant to search for you."

"I crave your excellency's pardon," he answered, "I was playing bowls with Miss Margaret, and so gave little heed to time."

The secretary at the governor's side thrust his goose quill hard into the ink horn, and a blot fell on his paper.

His excellency had come to this, his favorite country house, with a retinue of guests and servants, to celebrate, not the New Year, but an event at once uncommon and interesting—a double marriage.

"Pakenham," said the governor, "you hear the preparations for your wedding on the morrow. I marvel that you should waste time at bowls with my niece, Margaret, or forget for a moment the importance of the occasion, when the lady who has come from England to marry you is already approaching the house. Let me remind you, sir, that your father has sent Miss Keppel to meet with her wealth the wasted fortunes of your family, as well as to make you happy by the gift of her youth and beauty."

"Now, if you would save your reputation as a lover and a gentleman, mount and make such speed as you can to meet Miss Keppel's coach."

"I make haste to obey your commands," said Pakenham, and he bowed and went jauntily out of the council chamber.

But the moment its door closed upon him his countenance changed. With a groan he started to descend the staircase, and in its first turn found himself face to face with a slender, brunette girl, who was just coming up.

He bent his fair, tall head, and kissed her on the lips; then tore down the stairs, his sword clattering against the stout oak as he went.

Meanwhile in the council chamber the governor was talking to his secretary.

"It is well for the boy to go with you to the altar to-morrow," said the governor. "Seeing you so happy in the love of Margaret, he may pause to reflect upon his own folly, and, haply, awake to some sense of gratitude and duty. I am fond of Pakenham, and desire his welfare. He has ever been a great favorite, too, with Margaret."

"Yes," assented the secretary. His excellency withdrew. A light tap sounded on the door, and Margaret Winslow, the niece of the governor, stepped into the room.

As she advanced to meet her lover she involuntarily cast down her eyes. He tried to take her hand, but she broke from him, and ran to a window that commanded a view of the highway.

"Let us watch for Miss Keppel's coach. Jasper, I have a secret to tell you, and oh, I am sore afraid—my heart is beating fast."

"Eh? Afraid? Of what, pray—of whom?"

"Of you and my uncle. Do you think the English girl can be far away? It is hard for me to make my confession—it will be harder for you to hear it!"

"Margaret, what jest is this? Your face is like chalk—you tremble!"

"And well I may! Look! she is at hand!—I see the outriders—the heads of the horses, yonder, in the curve of the road, where the tall cedar stands. Oh, I must tell you now, or our lives will be forever wrecked! It is Pakenham whom I love Jasper—not you—and alas! he loves me. If he marries the English heiress to-morrow, and if I am forced to wed you, my heart will break."

The blow was cruel. Never till that moment had he doubted her faith.

The coach turned in at the gate.

The bleak winter night was brooding on the marshes.

Over the barren waste a man came, running like a fox, looking behind him now and then as he fled. Far away in the distance twinkled a light. Instinctively he set his face toward it. It shone from a low black house on the edge of the marsh.

He rapped on the door and a handsome young woman opened to him.

"Madam," he said, "may I ask a place by your fire and a morsel of supper?"

His voice and bearing betokened a man of breeding. She drew back that he might enter.

"The fire is free to all wayfarers," she said, "and as for supper—here is a portion set for me—I give it to you gladly."

"It is evident that you are not the owner of this house?"

She shook her head—a fair, graceful head, with hair like the silk of corn.

"Fisherfolk live here. They are absent now on an errand for me."

The wind screeched around the cabin; the boughs of the hornbeam tree rattled against the chimney. With sudden resolution the man spoke:

"I am his excellency's secretary." She turned and flashed on him two wide blue eyes.

"Ah! the man who will wed the governor's niece to-morrow?"

"Pardon—the man who will wed the governor's niece—never! Miss Winslow has thrown me over for a happier lover. Two marriages were arranged for the governor's house on New Year's morning—neither will be celebrated."

She looked gravely perplexed. "I am also a wanderer to-night," she said, sadly, "and, worse yet, I am a stranger in a strange, inhospitable land."

"Then," replied the secretary, "there is but one name by which I can call you. You are—you must be, the English maid, Miss Keppel? Though when I left the governor's dwelling I supposed that lady to be safely housed there. To encounter her miles away, in a fisherman's hut, and at this hour, seems strange beyond belief."

"I am lost on the marshes, sir," she said, with quiet dignity.

"And why did you leave the governor? But I see! Pakenham confessed the truth to you even as Miss Winslow did to me."

"Not so; I made no confession," she answered, bitterly. "At the harbor he failed to meet me. I was left to make the journey alone, almost to the governor's gate."

"No. I sent my maid to demand speech with Pakenham. He could not be found—he had vanished. I waited for no words with the governor. While he and his household fancied me to be resting from my journey I put on this cloak, took my purse and jewels, and stole with my maid from the house."

We thought to make our way to the harbor and there seek a ship ready for sea, but in the darkness we missed the road, and found ourselves astray in the marshes. My maid was overcome with fright, and wept and wailed so much that I permitted her to turn back; but I myself continued on alone."

"Alone!" echoed the secretary, with a vivid remembrance of the marsh by night. "you have a brave heart."

Suddenly the secretary arose and pushed back his chair.

"Miss Keppel," he said, "I omitted to tell you one trifling incident in my own story—I have killed Captain Pakenham!"

She sat as if turning to stone.

"You said a moment ago that when you sent for him at the governor's house he could not be found. Doubtless he was lying under the trees at the foot of the garden with my sword in his vitals, for we fought immediately after the arrival of your coach."

Miss Keppel, you need wonder no further. I have rid you of that fortune hunter—that blind mole, who could prefer Margaret Winslow to you!"

He walked toward the door. She started to her feet and took a step after him.

"Oh, sir, what would you do—where would you go?"

"Back to the governor—to surrender myself and take my punishment like a man."

She tried to bar his way with imploring hands.

"Oh, sir, stay!—continue your flight! No one shall know that you have been here—that I have seen you. Do not surrender yourself. Colonial judges have little mercy—they will demand a life for a life. Pray, pray, listen to me!"

He looked at her with a smile.

"You pity me—that is sweet. But I will not fly further."

Argument seemed to fail her. Her hands fell at her side.

"Then, if you go back, I will go with you—that is, if you will accept my poor company. I will plead your cause with the governor. After all that has happened, he owes me some consideration. Maybe we can reach the town before the Old Year dies."

"Come, then," said the secretary. "and God bless you for a brave and generous maid!"

His excellency was walking his council chamber in great disturbance of mind. The house was still—all sounds of festivity had long since died in it.

Steps sounded in the corridor, and as the maid opened the door, his excellency saw on the threshold two disheveled, snow-covered figures, like specters blown out of darkness.

"What! have you dared to come back, sirrah?" he cried, and fumbled for his gold snuff-box.

"Yes," answered the secretary, "to take my punishment."

"Punishment—for what?"

"The slaying of Pakenham, in your excellency's garden."

"Humph!" said the governor, "and who is this with you? Ah, the English maid! A pretty kettle of fish we have in the house! Well, sir, Pakenham is not dead. Your sword missed his heart by an inch or two—he will recover."

The secretary had expected other tidings. He threw up his head and breathed freely again.

"Yes, yes," said the governor, "he will survive your thrust, fast enough, for his new-made wife is now nursing him—a clergyman wedded him to Margaret several hours ago. She thought him dying at the time and would not be gainsaid. As for you, secretary, since Margaret is the fire brand that has lighted the tow, I can not punish you as I ought—the scandal would be too great. Therefore you take care not to talk of this New Year's Eve, and you will immediately depart from the place, and remain in exile till Pakenham recovers and I can pack him and his wife off to England."

"And what will you do with Miss Keppel?" queried the secretary. "To gether we have made a strange journey to-night, and I would know your plans for her future."

"She shall remain with me till some suitor more worthy than Pakenham asks her in marriage."

The secretary raised Miss Keppel's hand to his lips.

"Will you wait for me till I return?"

"I will wait," and the tears shone in her eyes.

DRINKS MATCH GOWNS

SARTORIAL SYMPHONIES AT SUMMER SODA FOUNTAINS.

Feminine Fashionables Will Order Cooling Beverages of Same Tint as Attire—Frapped Finery.

New York.—Drinks in pastel shades taken through straws will be popular with women at fashionable soda fountains this summer. So that those who aim to be sartorial symphonies can carry out the color scheme in their soda fountain drinks and have their costumes, shoes, parasol and gloves all of the same color. For instance, a woman in an old rose frock can take a strawberry flip or one in a blue suit a "Blueberry Tadi."

Those who like cherry cobbler, New York flip, or cherry cocktail will find that they correspond splendidly with a light pink colored dress, while a "clarique, goldenade or raspberry punch" is appropriate with claret-toned costumes. If this matching of drinks and gowns is popular, then "silverade" will be a favorite, for its light, frothy gray will harmonize beautifully with the many suits of that tone already much worn, for both street and afternoon use.

Among the new drinks there are many that have a few drops of liquor that will make them doubly attractive to many women. These are almond rickey, midsummer punch, Roman punch, clarique and Delaware flip.

New drinks, according to a man who has charge of a soda fountain, are as a rule favorites with young women, and those who go in for fads and anything that is new.

"There are some women who try everything on our menu," he says, "and change the drink each day. The favorite one, however, especially with young girls and middle aged women, is the old stand-by, ice cream soda with chocolate or cherry flavors."

Next to these I think our frapped or ice cream sundaes, as they are frequently called, made with the cream sirup and fresh fruit, are standard orders. Of these vanilla ice cream, with cherries and the flavor, or ice cream with walnuts and a maple sirup, are in greatest demand. There are frequent calls for peach, pineapple, strawberry, raspberry, cream of cocoanut and the walnut bisque, which is the same as that made with cream, sirup and the whole nuts, except that on the top there is whipped cream with chopped nuts frozen hard.

INDIANS ARE RESPONSIBLE. Although Not Citizens, the Red Men Must Keep Their Contracts.

Guthrie, Okla.—Judge Bayard T. Hainer, sitting in the United States district court at Pawhuska, has decided that his lack of citizenship does not relieve an Indian from paying his debts or carrying out any contract into which he has entered. In the case at issue a white man had done some work for an Indian, and the latter refused to pay, claiming that as he was an Indian no contractual power was vested in him; that he could not be forced to pay the debt, as he was in the same legal state as an infant.

The court held after a full hearing that with the exception of contracts relating to lands and annuities, the Indians, although sustaining tribal relations, can contract and sue and be sued; that it was the policy of the government to educate the Indians and to teach them to transact business and become self-sustaining, and to hold otherwise would be contrary to public policy. He further held that there is no act of congress which forbids ordinary contracts being entered into by an Indian and their enforcement in the courts of the United States.

Honey in Texas. The production of honey in Texas this season is greater than for many years. This is due to the remarkably favorable weather and to the increased number of bee colonies.

Uvalde county, west of San Antonio, is the leading honey producing section of the United States. There are more colonies of bees in that county than in any other in America. The open winter, coupled with copious rains, has made it possible for the bees to store honey during practically the entire winter, and the result is that there has been a constant marketing of the product this season through the months that usually are not productive of profit for beekeepers.

Unconscious Millionaire. Thomas McCarthy, a bartender at the Lincoln hotel, New Castle, Pa., lately learned that he has been a millionaire for six years. So is his brother, Michael McCarthy, of Wauwump, a foreman of a Pittsburgh & Lake Erie section gang. Six years ago their uncle, who left long ago and made a fortune in Australia, died in Denver leaving Thomas and Michael \$1,000,000 each. However, neither knew of this until a day or two ago, when they learned it accidentally.

Gubernatorial Elections. Governors will be elected this year in 25 states, namely, Alabama, California, Georgia, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, Nevada, New York, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, Wisconsin and Wyoming.

SALOONS WILL BE BARRED

All Ante-Quake Licenses Revoked in San Francisco by Police Board.

San Francisco.—Ever since the earthquake San Francisco has been a city without saloons.

While martial law was in force the drinking places were closed by order of the military commander, and violations of the regulation were punished by the bullet.

The board of police commissioners endorsed Mayor Schmitz's suggestion that all licenses in existence be revoked. The commissioners are a unit in the declaration that the city will be better off in future with fewer saloons than before its destruction.

Mayor Schmitz goes even farther than the commissioners. He says there is no possibility that the liquor dealers will be permitted to resume business for "a long time to come."

He attributes the remarkable absence of crime from the city to the edict against the sale of intoxicants.

Several saloon men who have been erecting temporary quarters have been warned that it may be a long time before they will be permitted to sell liquor at all, and that licenses will never be so freely issued again as in the past.

In San Mateo, just across the border, the supervisors recently permitted the saloons to reopen, and drunken orgies immediately followed.

Chief of Police Dinan appealed to Sheriff Mansfield to force the dealers to close up again until conditions are more settled, and the sheriff has replied that he will comply with the request despite the supervisors' action, even though he may be compelled to call for state troops to aid him in enforcing his orders.

RAILS AT MISSIONARIES. Visiting Brahmin Says His Country Is Overstocked with Religion.

Kansas City, Mo.—A Brahmin missionary to America, Marayan Krishna, filling the pulpit of All Souls' church, in this city, by invitation, one evening lately said in the course of a talk:

"We're overstocked with Christian missionaries. Ninety per cent. of those we have are senseless. Furthermore, we don't want your religion and your holy book. We have more religion of our own than we know what to do with, a surplus that we would like to export. So I pray you Americans, keep your so-called missionaries at home. If you want to Christianize us, send us some men that are qualified to teach, philosophers that know their own Scripture. Until then the Vedas, our four books of philosophy, are good enough for us."

"Show me a country where missionaries have been that is prosperous; it does not exist. There were no famines, no plagues in India before the English invasion. I am here in the interests of India, for India, not India for England."

During these remarks some members of the congregation left the assembly, and later Rev. Charles Ferguson apologized for Marayan Krishna's statements.

REMEDIES NATURE'S WORK. Fingers of Young Man Remade to Fit Him for Service in Navy.

Minneapolis.—Sidney Middleton left the clinical operating table at St. Mary's hospital a few days ago fit, as soon as the wounds made by the surgeon's knife are healed, to be received into the United States army.

When nature designed young Middleton she did a good general job, but there were a few details which were obviously overlooked. Two fingers, the little and ring finger of the right hand, were united in one sheath of skin. This never bothered the young man while he was working on his father's farm near Garfield, Mich., but proved to be a serious obstacle when he applied for enlistment in the navy.

Examining Surgeon Robert Bachman suggested an operation, but Middleton's lack of funds proved a serious obstacle. The government does not supply money for the medical treatment of prospective recruits and a clinic offered the only solution of the difficulty. Dr. Bachman himself conducted the operation and reports that it was successful.

Safety of French Republic. The results of the French elections thus far announced give the lie once more to the pessimistic forebodings of the prophets of evil. There was no building of barricades, the "forces of disorder" were apparently absent and not accounted for and the government will be able to reconstruct its "bloge" apparently stronger than before. France is bigger and stronger than any French party, however rabid. The republic having survived its troubled first decades, having nearly abandoned the old cry of "revenge" against Germany and having rooted its power strongly in the soil of the provinces, is not easily overturned.

Letter Eaten by Goat. Gastronomic indifference on the part of the goat mascot of the cruiser San Francisco nearly three years ago caused a search in the files of the navy department recently to find a copy of a letter of commendation written by the secretary of the navy to John Connolly, coal passer, United States steamship San Francisco, on July 12, 1903, the original letter having been devoured by the careless goat. Connolly, now out of the service, is living in Detroit.

WOULD RETAIN HERD LAW.

Western Oklahoma Farmers Greatly Perturbed Over Threatened Change.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Farmers in western Oklahoma, and especially in Beaver county, which has been free range for cattlemen since cattle were brought to Oklahoma, are becoming greatly concerned over the fact that free range will expire in August next, and making extended inquiry how to proceed to enforce the new rule.

They want herd law, but do not know how to get it. Albert Wellborn, a farmer of Beaver county, who claims to be posted in the matter, said:

"Some time before the law expires one-fourth of the legal voters of Beaver county should petition the county commissioners to divide the county into cattle districts of not less than two nor more than four congressional townships, or not less than 72 nor more than 144 sections."

"After this is done, if one-fourth of the legal voters of a cattle district want the cattle restrained on herd law they petition the county commissioners, who may order an election to be held in the cattle district. A majority vote cast at the election, if for herd law, will give it to them."

It is likely this step will be taken in all the counties in western Oklahoma where the free range has prevailed, for these lands are now being claimed for agricultural purposes, with the modern methods of farming. The land is rich and the immigration to this section of Oklahoma during the past year has been wonderful.

GRAVE SCANDAL DISCLOSED. Italian Government Robbed of Millions Through Worthless Navy Supplies.

Rome.—The parliamentary commission charged with an investigation of the management of the Italian navy has just made its report to parliament, and a sensation was caused all over Italy by the disclosures made. According to the report, more than half of the warships are unfit for use, among them several battleships of the first class.

A firm which furnished over \$6,000,000 worth of ammunition for the navy is accused in the report of having supplied the navy with absolutely worthless shells at an exorbitant price.

Millions of dollars have been paid by the government for coal which was never furnished in the quantity contracted for, and even the guns purchased by the navy at an enormous cost are reported as deficient in technical construction.

The sensation created by the report throughout Italy is something akin to a panic. The shares of the steel works at Terni have already lost 500 points in the markets, and the same is the case with most of the Italian stocks and bonds.

The king is in a very indignant mood because of the extraordinary revelations, and the newspapers of the peninsula are loud in their denunciation of the grafters. It is also announced that Admiral Mirabello, the minister of the navy, has already tendered his resignation to the king.

ALPHONSO HAS A CAMEL. The Animal Is a Souvenir of the King's Journey to the Canary Isles.

Madrid.—All the good things are coming Alfonso's way, and though his thoughts and inclinations were toward the Isle of Wight, where Princess Ena is staying with her royal mamma, he went to the Canary islands.

Just how the visit was appreciated may be understood by the gifts which were literally showered upon him. Of these the camel was rather the most imposing.

He arrived at Cadiz at eight o'clock in the morning. Great quantities of fruit and flowers were showered upon him.

He experienced very rough weather on the voyage back. One seaman was badly injured and was presented with £20 by the king.

King Alfonso was met at Cadiz by Senor Moret, the premier; Prince Carlos, of the Asturias, and the Infanta Teresa. They went on board the gunboat and traveled up the Guadalquivir to Seville.

Here an enormous crowd had gathered to meet them, in spite of the stormy weather. The royal party was cheered enthusiastically, and many cheers were given for Princess Ena. The Liberal club presented the king with a gigantic corbeille of flowers, composed of 10,000 red and yellow pinks tied with ribbons in the British and Spanish national colors.

The king immediately sent this magnificent floral gift to the Isle of Wight for Princess Ena, declaring he'd never seen such superb flowers.

Filipino Student Wins. San Victorres, a Philippine student and a member of company G, won the Hazelton medal in the annual regimental and competitive drill at the University of Illinois a few days ago. Victorres is one of the 40 Filipino students who entered the university last year during commencement week. Over 50 cadets took part in the contest.

Bridesmaids for Hire. A Parisian lady has established an agency for the supply of bridesmaids to prospective brides who are in need of such attendants. As the same girls in the same dresses take part in many different weddings, a fee of a sovereign for each girl is considered sufficient to meet the matter.

GRIM OLD ST. LAZARE

FAMOUS PRISON AT PARIS TO BE PULLED DOWN.

Built as a Hospital for Lepers in 1110, It Has Served Since the Revolution as a Jail.

The most famous prison in Paris since the destruction of the Bastille—St. Lazare—is to be pulled down to make way for modern improvements. Vast, grim and sinister looking, haunted by evil memories, unsanitary, no longer fitted to survive even as an abode for those who have fallen under the ban of the law, its demolition will cause rejoicing in Paris. Only those antiquarians, to whom everything that is old is precious, will regret its disappearance.

Situated in the most populous region of the city, the Faubourg St. Denis, it has gone through many phases, and the uses to which it has been put from time to time, reflect the startling vicissitudes that have attended the growth of the French capital. Could they speak, its hoary stones might tell strange stories—stories of peace and charity; of piety that in after times served as a mask for hypocrisy, levity and debauchery; of the horrible atrocities perpetrated in the name of liberty, equality and fraternity; of crime and depravity.

It is strange to reflect that it was the benedictine charity taught by the gentle Nazarene which gave birth to the gloomy structure which has long seemed a fitting habitation for mis-

ery and despair. St. Lazare was founded in 1110 as a hospital for lepers, as its name implies. By a charter granted in 1147 these lepers were given the right to choose out of the king's cellars ten hogheads of wine a year. Some years later they exchanged this privilege for an allowance of beef and bread with a few bottles of wine.

In 1515 the lepers were ousted and monks, vowed to piety and poverty, took their place.

A portion of St. Lazare was set aside as a house of correction for men ten years before the outbreak of the revolution. Beaumarchais, the famous author of the "Marriage of Figaro" was locked up here solely on the strength of a "lettre de cachet."

During the reign of terror St. Lazare was transformed into a prison— which for many of the suspects there incarcerated proved but the ante chamber for the guillotine. The murder loving tyrant, Robespierre, made the ferocious Venner governor of St. Lazare. Venner did his best to make the lives of the prisoners entrusted to his care a hell on earth. He gloated over the sufferings which the shadow of impending death caused them, and adopted every device that his malignant ingenuity could suggest to add to them.

The cruelties that were practiced at St. Lazare are excelled only by those of the Inquisition. No prisoner was allowed to take his rest there at night without some grim reminder that it might be his last on earth.

After Napoleon had triumphed over the terror with his "whiff of grape shot" he made St. Lazare a prison exclusively for women, and such it has since remained. It comprises five separate buildings, surrounding three court yards. Each building has four stories, and between them they provide accommodation—such as it is—for 1,200 inmates. The ground floor is reserved for female criminals awaiting their transfer to other penal establishments, and their workshops are also situated there. On the floor above are women under remand, and girls under age, who have been ordered to be detained until they have reached their majority. On the third floor are penned the "Unfortunates"—feminine outcasts who have failed to comply with certain police regulations affecting their class.

Island Bargain. A millionaire who has an ambition to be a monarch would do well to bid in Lundy Island, at the entrance of Bristol channel, which is to be sold toward the end of the year, says the Springfield (Mass.) Republican. It is three miles long and one mile wide and has been overlooked by the insatiable British empire. It is no country, it pays no taxes, its owner is a monarch in his little realm. And all this splendid isolation within sight of the shores of England!

Described His Cheese. The girl asked the polite salesman if he had good cheese.

"We have some lovely cheese," was the smiling answer.

"You should not say lovely cheese," she corrected.

"Why not? It is," he declared.

"Because"—with boarding-school dignity—"lovely should be used to qualify only something that is alive."

"Well," he retorted, "I'll say it's lovely."—N. Y. Press.

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